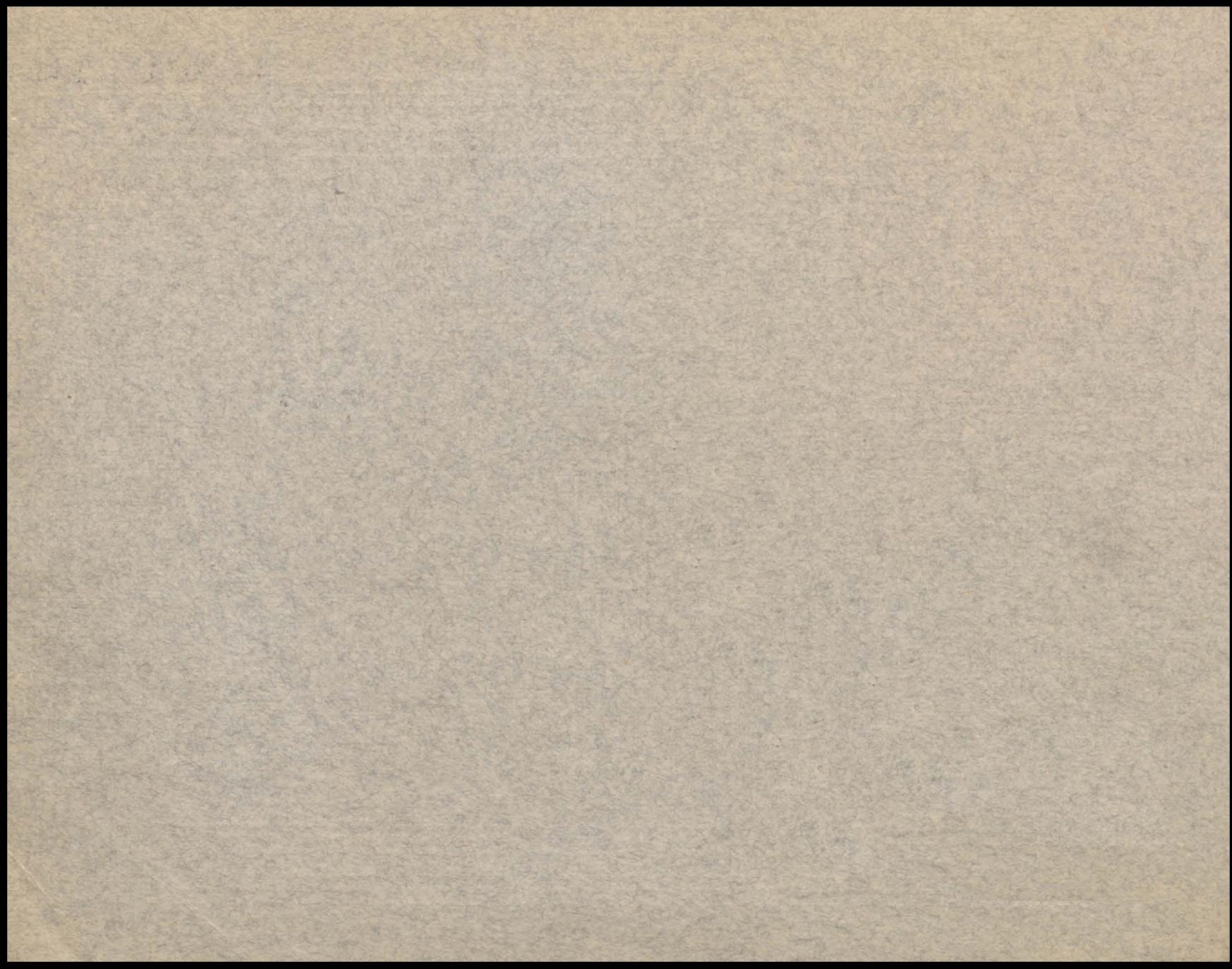


•THE•BLOOMFIELD•
•HIGH•SCHOOL•ANNUAL•



•NON•QUANTI•SED•QUALES•







THE
BLOOMFIELD HIGH SCHOOL
ANNUAL

Published by the Class of
Nineteen Hundred Ten

VOLUME III.

ISSUED JUNE 24, 1910







DEDICATION.

Good words here

To

Miss Ella L. Draper

P R E F A C E



HE study of history proves to us that every new era brings with it a broader knowledge, wider civilization and culture. Consequently, it is only the natural order of things that every new product of man's brain, every remodeling or restatement of former discoveries or inventions should be an improvement on those which have gone before. As the years come on, the experiences of our predecessors teach us how to improve or develop the opportunities given us. This statement is not made to lessen in any way the achievements of our predecessors, but only as a natural truth, or fact, which has been proven time and again.

Three years ago the members of the then senior class of Bloomfield High School revived the old custom of having some kind of a publication. They published a "High School Annual" which was edited again last year under the name, "Our Red and Gray, B. H. S."

In publishing an Annual this year, the class of 1910 has aimed to make the book a product of the whole school rather than of one class, and to give the clubs and different organizations of the school a part in the book. In this, we have followed the example of our immediate predecessors, the class of 1909. Furthermore, we have aimed to compile and divide the book in such a way that each division may be found complete, by itself. In carrying out this object, we owe our deepest gratitude and thanks to MISS ELLA L. DRAPER, MISS WYMAN, and MR. VOGEL, who have greatly helped us, not only by suggestions and mental aid, but also by their much appreciated interest and encouragement. We also wish to extend our thanks to the other members of the Faculty for their interest and timely help, and to some of the Alumni who have added considerably to the book by their contributions.

We have named our book this year the "BLOOMFIELD HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL," and we hope that that will remain its name.

We hope that our little book will be received in the spirit in which it is sent. We realize how little our efforts have accomplished, but even so, we hope that our Annual will accomplish some good in arousing school spirit and interest, and will prove a factor (however small), in the history of our dear old B. H. S.

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BLOOMFIELD HIGH SCHOOL.

History of Bloomfield High School

Prior to 1871



PRIOR to the establishment of the present High School in 1871 the education of pupils higher than the primary and grammar grades was conducted in many ways.

It was not until 1807 that the founding of such an institution for educating, in the town, children above the grammar grades was considered. The result of this consideration was the erection in 1810 of the German Theological Seminary. The ultimate aim of this institution was to educate young men for the ministry. The enrolment of this school averaged 115 people and it ranked above all surrounding academies.

Soon after this many smaller private academies were started, first and foremost Madam Cooke's School for young women. Madam Cooke was a fine and well experienced teacher having already taught for about twelve years, partly in Vermont and partly in Florida. Her school was of a religious nature and there is no doubt but that its influence was very beneficial to this town and all communities to which young women of her school went. She started her school here in 1836 and with the help of her son, who was associated with her after 1837, kept it up until after her death in 1861.

Four other private schools of this period which deserve mention were: Rev. Ebenezer Seymour's and Charles M. Davis's in Bloomfield; David A. Frame's and Warren Hold's of West Bloomfield, now Montclair.

The lower schools of that time nevertheless held a prominent place in the public mind. After the passage of a free school law for towns of the state, (Bloomfield was the first town in the state to do this) in 1849, the pressing need was felt by the good citizens of the town first for more lower schools, then for a free public high school.

The result of this was the construction in 1871, at a cost of \$29,000, of the present High School building.

P. A. CADY.

History of the High School, 1870 to 1910

(Extract from the School Report of 1871)

"Considerable delay was occasioned by the exchange of land adjoining our school lot with the Presbyterian Church and Sunday School, giving them and us, it is believed, better form of lots.

The eighth of May, 1871, ground was broken, and on the seventh of June following, the cornerstone was laid with appropriate exercises. The building was to have been completed on the eighth of December in that year, but owing to delays was not ready for occupation until the last of January, 1872.

The size of the building is 48 feet 8 inches by 92 feet, and it is three stories high, with towers in the centre of each side 9 feet by 15 feet, in which are the stairways for the children, the north tower being also designated as a belfry. The south tower contains a water tank supplied from the roof, and connected with the teachers' wash room below. Built of the best Croton or North River brick, faced on the North, West and South with Philadelphia brick. The roof is covered with slate. The boys' entrance is on the North side, the girls on the South and the teachers or main entrance on the West side of the building. On the right of the main entrance is a teacher' or committee room 18 feet by 20½ feet; on the left is the furnace or boiler room 18 feet by 20½ feet. The remainder of the first floor is divided lengthwise by a brick wall in the middle and is used for a play-ground for the children in stormy or inclement weather. The North half for the boys, the South half for the girls.

The second floor is divided as follows: An assembly room is in the centre 42 feet by 45 feet; two class rooms on the East or rear of the assembly room 22 feet by 24 feet, and separated from the assembly room by glass partitions sliding from the center up and down, bringing them together when occasion requires, making an audience room 45 feet by 66 feet; in front of the assembly room and on each side of the teacher's or main stairway are two class rooms 18 feet by 20½ feet, with a teachers' wardrobe and closet over the front entrance.

The arrangement of the rooms on the third story is in all respects like that of the second story. The method of ventilation is somewhat new and has not been sufficiently tested, perhaps, to speak with entire confidence of its success. The principle is, however, believed to be correct, and with some slight modifications in its application we think will prove a great success. The impure air is drawn off through registers in the floor, connecting with the ventilating shafts leading to and through the peak of the roof, and covered with Abbot's ventilating tops. Heat is generated in the ventilating shafts to produce a more active circulation and stronger draft of air from the rooms. Fresh air is supplied to the building from outside by conducts, the air passing through a chamber supplied with coils of pipes, heated with steam so that a column of heated pure air is being constantly forced into the upper part of the room while the impure and cold air is being constantly drawn off through the ventilators."

This has since been modified by building a partition through the middle of the assembly room from East to West and replacing the sliding glass windows by a solid partition forming two more rooms and removing the possibility of uniting them temporarily with the two East rooms.

The total cost of the building exclusive of the change last mentioned was \$29,490.67.

At first the school was devoted to the grammar grades, but in 1874 a few pupils (about 28) were taught in the higher subjects. Mr. Stackpole, the first principal was the only high school teacher, but in 1875 he had an assistant, Miss Shibly. The pupils this year numbered 49. During the year the first class in Greek was formed, consisting of five members.

In 1876 the first class graduated from the High School. There were 11 members and they made a very good showing for the school.

In 1884 our well known and beloved teacher, Miss Ella L. Draper, first taught in B. H. S. This year there were about 50 pupils in the High School.

1887 saw another teacher added to the corps and 1890 two more.

In 1893 the corps was increased to 6 and the enrollment to 84.

In 1895 our noted professor of music, Mr. P. J. Smith, was added to the list.

1902 saw 11 teachers in the high school, 13 graduates and 137 pupils.

The enrollment constantly increased until today we have over 200 pupils.

1909 was an eventful year. It marked the completion of Miss Draper's twenty-fifth year with B. H. S. as teacher and principal. "The naught-nine class" gave her a reception in appreciation of her untiring effort to guide the wayward steps of hundreds as they plodded through those four long years.

While the school was increasing in size, school spirit was also increasing. In looking at our assembly room a stranger would be interested in reading the names stamped on the banners on the front wall. He would also wonder where all those college pennants came from which cover the wall. The pieces of statuary which are in the assembly room might also attract his attention. We may say that every ornament of that room in old B. H. S. has been given to the school while the pupils were there or after they had become interested in some other institution. In closing let us add the wish that the school may continue to grow in every way and that every year new emblems of esteem may be added to our already large collection, so that when those same emblems are carried across the street, the walls of the new assembly room will present a familiar appearance.

H. NICHOLSON.

B. H. S. Alumni



“*H*ISTORY repeats itself.” Once again the Alumni Association shows a flutter of life. Let us get together and endeavor to resuscitate it. Our purpose is two-fold: First, to promote among the students the “good, old-fashioned Bloomfield High School spirit of *Loyalty and Enthusiasm*.” Miss Draper’s opinion as to the foregoing purpose is: “As nothing succeeds like success, so nothing inspires enthusiasm like enthusiasm.” Let those of the Alumni, then, who would desire school spirit and loyalty among the pupils enrolled at the High School, show to those pupils by their occasional presence there, that their own interest is a permanent one. Let them show that they recognize that the High School has been too important a factor in their lives to allow that all connection with it be severed on receipt of a diploma, but that their interest is still alive and manifests itself whenever opportunity offers.”

The second purpose is to keep the Alumni interested in the Old School. We believe that every graduate has at some time been interested. All that is needed to arouse this interest is, as Miss Draper has suggested, to occasionally visit the school; to get together at least once a year and have a rousing reunion. Send any alumni news to secretary, then we will be able to have alumni notes in our local papers. All these little things are bound to stir up something. Just a good healthy interest is all we want. The fireworks we will save for our annual reunion. *Join the Alumni Association. Get together!*

ALUMNI NOTES

Harper’s Magazine for April prints an article entitled, “A Woman in the Pennsylvania Silk-mill,” by Florence Lucas Sanville, executive secretary of the Consumers’ League of Philadelphia. Miss Sanville is better known to us as Miss Florence Salmons, ’93.

Franklin C. Wells, jr., ’07, has been elected captain of the Princeton wrestling team; also commodore of the Canoe Club.

Mahlon Milliken, ’09, is playing on the Rutgers College baseball team.

The Cornell Freshmen baseball team has made a fine record this season. A. F. Tydeman, ’06, has been coaching the “Cubs.”

Spencer W. Phraner, ’05, Princeton ’09, will study a year at the University of Munich, Germany.

S. Parker Gilbert, jr., '08, won the Van Vecher prize for an essay at Rutger's College. His subject was "The Influence of Christian Missions in Turkey."

Charles Phillips, '04, has just been graduated from the Princeton Theological Seminary.

At the reorganization meeting of the Alumni Association held last December, the following officers were elected: President, R. R. King, '05; vice-president, F. C. Wells, jr., '07; secretary, Grace Biggart, '03; treasurer, H. G. Stone, '06.

GRADUATES OF 1910

ALICE KELLEY, '03.....	MONTCLAIR NORMAL
EDNA JONES, '06.....	MONTCLAIR NORMAL
BARBARA HANNA, '06.....	MONTCLAIR NORMAL
INA WRIGHT, '07.....	BOSTON SCHOOL OF ORATORY
CECIL CADY, '06.....	STEVENS INSTITUTE
HERBERT HARRIS, '05.....	CORNELL
A. F. TYDEMAN, '06.....	CORNELL
THEODORE WEBER, '05.....	CORNELL

More 1910 Graduates

ELIZABETH DAVIDSON, '06.
ETHEL MORGAN, '02.
HELEN CATLIN, '06.

GEORGE JAMISON, '05.
JOHN OTTO RHOME, of Lock Arbour, N. J.
ARTHUR J. G. RUSSEL, of West New Brighton, L. I.

H. STONE.

Senior Class Roll

PIERRE A. CADY, President.

HELENE M. NICHOLSON, Vice-President.

MARION C. HAYS, Treasurer.

LOUISE E. POLHEMUS, Secretary.

JULIA R. BIGGART

HERMINIA G. DOSCHER

ELIZABETH F. HARRISON

HAZEL K. MORRIS

BERTHA E. SEREX

CARRIE L. TAYLOR

BLANCHE E. WALLIS

PHILIP R. CLOKE

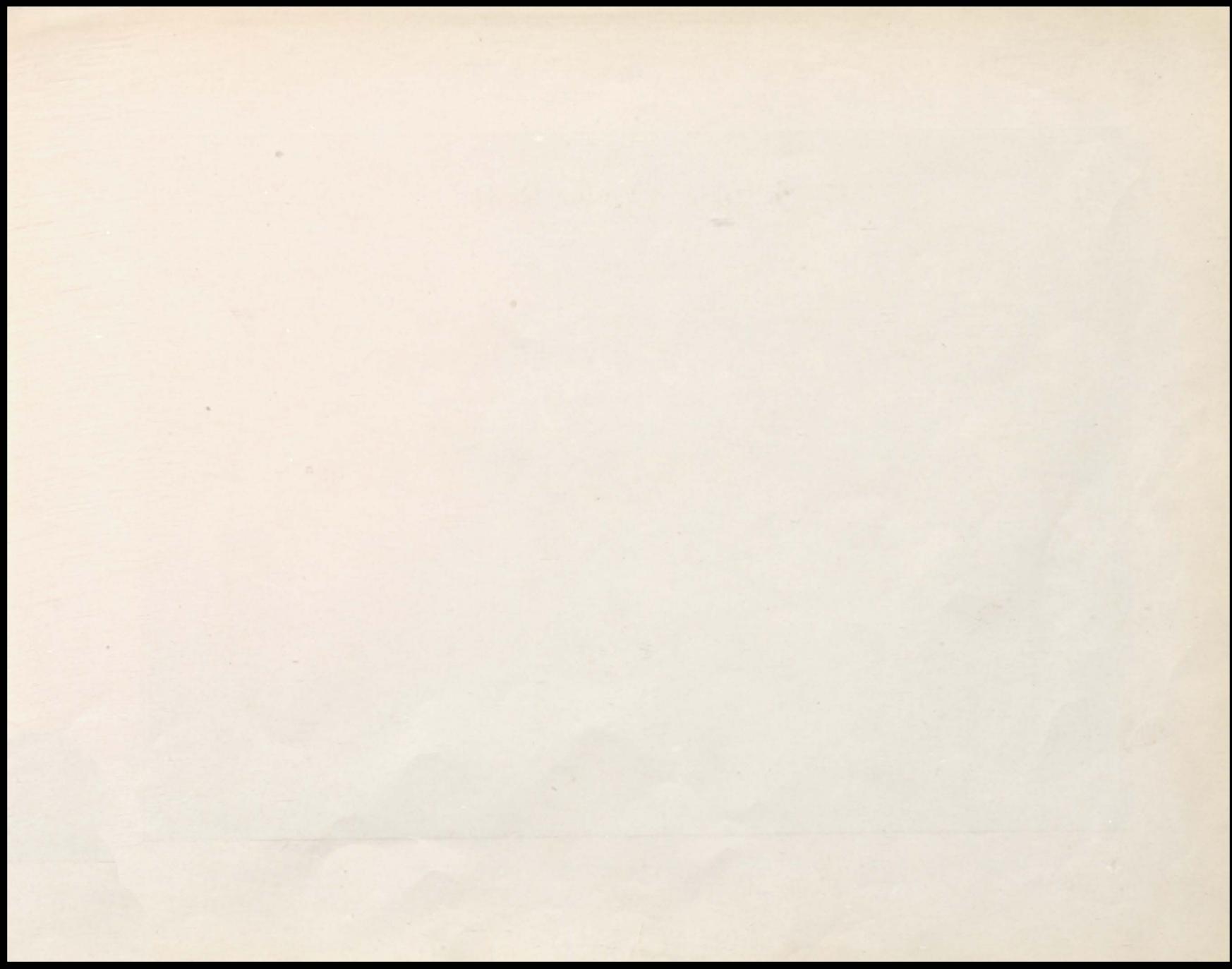
KATHRYNE M. GILLICK

GEORGINA M. KOEHNLEIN

MADELINE M. NOLL

DOROTHY A. STARKWEATHER

ELMER B. TAYLOR





SENIOR CLASS, 1910.

History of the Class of 1910



Ob be an historian, one must tell simple truths and plain facts, leaving all else to the judgment of his fellow-men. However, if in this case, some personal sentiment enters, it must be pardoned. Therefore let us return to that time when, as Freshmen, we were first permitted to enter the sacred portals of Bloomfield High School.

Then indeed our Alma Mater felt like the old woman who lived in a shoe, "She had so many children, she didn't know what to do." This condition of affairs, however, only lasted for a time, for some, for various reasons left us. Those who remained soon became acquainted with the rules and regulations of the school and were quite manageable—at times. We would not recall any of our glorious victories over the Sophomores—for things gained without exertion are not worthy of mention here. But then that was the class of Nineteen Nine—and what could you expect? In the meantime we grew in knowledge and wisdom. No subject was left untouched by the class of Nineteen Ten. In science class many helpful and interesting hours were passed; some in trying to find out the capacity of a frog's brain, others in proving whether spiders really liked music. This was ascertained by the use of a "tunning (?) fork" which was enough to make an animated form retreat, much less a spider wiggle his feet. It was in this class also, that some members showed their fondness for sea food. It was always a question where all the clams disappeared. In history we were led through the *turbulent* waters of ancient knowledge and safely landed on the other side—let us *hope* much wiser than we were before. About the time we became equal to deciphering the hieroglyphics of the program, and able to disentangle the labyrinth of rooms, we found ourselves elevated to the position of Sophomores, leaving places for the Fall supply of Freshmen. It must be admitted that Nineteen Eleven *was* rather a green addition.

How true it is that when one has risen a step, the level just left appears so far below. Such was our feeling, when, as Sophomores, we returned in the Fall of Nineteen Seven. Then for the first time our class was gathered together in one room under a most careful and gentle guidance. Time was busily spent in keeping down the combined forces of the Freshmen and Juniors. Our spring vacation was so long that we decided to hold a reunion. Accordingly, we had a social one afternoon in the High School. A pleasant time was spent, with the boys bashfully seated on one side of the room, and the girls on the other. Upon returning at the end of that vacation we found a new teacher in charge of the "Bug Lab." During the study periods kept by him, we were

often agreeably surprised by frequent and repeated visits. Now June was at hand, another class was leaving us, and we were again elevated, this time to a position so much higher.

After the vacation we returned with heads held high, for we were Juniors! The spirit of cheerfulness has always domineered in our class—and this year it was early brought to a test. On the first day of school we were informed that we would be lodged on the third floor with the Freshmen. Our pride was dreadfully hurt—but we resolved to make the best of it and have as much fun as possible. *That* we did have, for the Seniors caused us much trouble. However, we succeeded in showing them their proper place. But they did insist upon borrowing our mirror and our plants. Still they had none of their own so we couldn't blame them. Instead of blaming them, we started a flourishing conservatory in a frying pan for them. Now all thoughts were turned towards the Junior Reception. This year was the first time that the dance was given in January instead of June. In spite of the fact that the Seniors *didn't* appreciate it, we are quite sure that this was the most successful dance ever given by the school. While preparing for this dance some went on a "Joy Ride" in an express wagon. It was a "Joy Ride" in every sense of the word for the driver didn't know how to drive and consequently not only much endangered the lives of the assistants, but the safety of the furniture.

At the close of the mid-year exam's we Juniors celebrated with a sleighride. We took two Seniors along—and how they did behave! One of them ate all of the sandwiches and then she wanted more—the other insisted that he never sat on more than half a chair. But even though some Seniors were with us we had a good time. One day towards the end of the year anyone could have seen that trouble was brewing among the two upper classes. I can't tell you what happened because we promised we wouldn't, but ever afterwards the Juniors and Seniors were seen walking around arm in arm. During this year our numbers were sadly decreased. Where was our lively and flourishing set of boys? All gone save one, he alone has stood by us to the end. When we returned in the Fall, as Seniors, of course we made our lone boy president. With "Bobby" at the head of our lively feminine regiment we started out to accomplish everything. But one day, had you noticed carefully, you might have seen groups of girls in different corners of the building, chattering in chorus, and might have heard voices wafted on the air, which seemed to say—"What are they like?" "Are they tall or short?" "I do hope they are good looking!" Thus were two more boys greeted on entering our class.

We broke away from the usual custom of having class pins and this year had class rings. A lion was placed in the front of our room as an emblem. In December the Juniors gave us a reception which was pronounced a great success. On a certain night during the skating season, one might have seen a large party of Seniors on a lark. All those who could skate, and those who only thought they could, gathered on a nearby lake;

on the banks we built a great fire, to which we all retired at intervals, especially two members of our class. During the Spring vacation we held a social in Centre School. It was at this that our honored president showed his ability for washing dishes. But there has been something besides play during the year. The favorite subject, of course, was chemistry under our "newly engaged teacher." In this class many fearful and wonderful subjects were discussed, such as: "What is the cheapest and best way of making cake from tombstones?" No one on the outside knows just what happened in history class, but we were quite sure from the expressions on some faces that there had been heard once more the usual statement: "Well, Miss H., I guess we will have to return to you." In the Spring Miss W. left us. Mr. V. took her place and from that time forth a most *gentle* voice has ruled in room XII.

On Arbor Day we planted an ivy and left a reminder of the class to last as long as the old building stands.

And now we stand at the end of our Senior year and we start out in the world ready to meet anything; for nothing can in any way hinder the successful career of the class of Nineteen Ten. May we bring as much glory and as little shame to our Alma Mater in the future as we have in the past.

MARION C. HAYS.

The Junior Class History

N September, 1907, we entered the Bloomfield High School, a fine collection of raw recruits from Bloomfield and other grammar schools. There were one hundred and five of us, but soon some dropped out, and others took their places. Of course, being Freshmen, we respectfully obeyed our superiors, but when the Christmas holidays came we were glad to get away from the school, because of the disrespect of the Soph's towards us. Our class was well represented in the various clubs and teams of the school. One of our number was chosen captain of the football team of that year. Most of us passed those blood-curdling exam's at the end of the year and then began to feel the extreme importance of our place.

When we started our Soph year, we had gained the respect of the upper classmen and had begun to assert our authority in school matters. That year, one of our number was elected manager of the 1908-09 basketball team, and others of us played on various teams. Some of our class also won laurels in the School play in 1909. Towards the end of the year, we gained a new member, the noted Brooklyn singer, R. M. Tenor.

By the time we returned from our summer vacation in September, 1909, we had grown to be sedate, book-loving *Juniors*.

In the winter of 1909-10, we gave the Seniors a reception, which was afterwards said to be the finest blow-out ever given to any Senior class of the school. Soon after Christmas, some ingenious person in the Night School threw an egg at the front wall of our room, and as the remains were allowed to stay there, we willed them to successors to our room as their future class emblem. In the Spring of 1910, there was a series of inter-class basketball games between the Freshmen, the Sophomores and the Juniors, in which we secured second place. Later in the year we signified our respect and high esteem for Mr. St. Patrick on the 72d anniversary of his birthday by wearing ribbons of his favorite color. Some of our classmates even went so far as to decorate the busts of Messrs. Virgil, Apollo, etc., in the assembly room, with green tissue paper.

ROESCH.

Various Vagaries of 1912

Rah! Rah! Let us be!
Bloomfield High School Sophs. are we,
Who are we? Well! I guess!
We're the pride of B. H. S.!



HEN we consider the number and importance of the contributions which the illustrious class of 1912 makes, has made, and still will make, to the fame, fortunes and general well-being of B. H. S., two things immediately arise for serious consideration: First, "How did the High School ever get on before we entered?" Second, "How will it *ever* get along without us?"

When such a broad sweeping statement is made by an individual, it should always be followed by the most convincing proof, so that no sceptical person reading our claim may remark, "Well, their nerve is in good condition at any rate!" So read and be convinced.

In our first year we furnished to our athletic teams members as follows, exclusive of the rooters: Football, five members; baseball, four members; five per cent. of the basketball team. Musical and dramatic organizations: Glee club, fifteen members; orchestra, six members, including its president, the star of the Glee Club play; and twenty-one members of the Hippodrome Outing Club. When music director Smith took the Glee Club and orchestra to see "*Lucia*" we were there to encourage further efforts in that direction on his part, and make the opera company happy that they had included Newark in their itinerary.

In our second year not closed at this writing, we provided the school with its football captain and manager, in addition to which we had a high percentage of men on all teams. Seventeen members of the Glee Club swear allegiance to the name of 1912, also our violins of the orchestra and two members of the Mandolin Club.

Of the series of inter-class basketball games, we won the championship and of course that means the cup.

Our mirror is three times as large and ten times as handsomely framed as the mirror of any other class in B. H. S. This is not intended to reflect on any other class—neither is the mirror.

We did our best in numberless ways to prevent life in the school from becoming flat, stale and unprofitable. During our first year we furnished the hat and sweater and the boy who assisted in bringing Apollo up-to-date. Of course it wasn't appreciated, but then, what stroke of genius ever is?

Again, one of our members, believing that the air in a certain room would be better for a change, placed a sufficient portion of fertilizer under the teacher's desk blotter. This enterprising joker accomplished two things. First, he convinced every person of whatever age, color or previous condition of ingratitude, that the air of that room did need a change. Second, he brought it to pass that someone, in an effort to remove the unappreciated odor by the use of a chemical, proved beyond all possibility of a doubt that there is in this world at least *one* worse offence to the nostrils than the then freshmen had furnished for the edification of the school.

Another boy during the same year caused a ripple by too strenuous an effort to call attention to his new footwear, being sent to the office therefore by the indignant teacher on a *bootless* errand.

Another proof that the class was a most desirable addition to the school is that when we had been members in good standing of the Bloomfield High School for only two months, many of our boys were invited to a party in their own honor given by some of the Senior girls.

Well, we are a year older and a year less "green" and fresh. Never again will one of our boys disgrace himself by asking the advice of a fibbing Senior as to the advisability of accepting an invitation to a Senior girl's party, when said Senior wasn't asked himself. Never again will another, when asked by the science teacher to "See if he can't get a rat for a specimen," offer an object the next day for the teacher's approval and answer the teacher's flood of remarks with a bewildered "Why I only got it at the five and ten-cent store but I thought it would do for a specimen."

We finished our first year with credit enough to ourselves that the class of '09, casting about for a worthy custodian for their class mascot, decided to bestow it upon us. The class of 1911 reviewing this decision, found themselves unable to concur in it, or to admit its wisdom. Followed a long war made up chiefly of skirmishes, but graced by some brilliant strategy. The goat changed hands about eight times during the disagreement. The closing scene of the war was enacted upon the street. Main columns of Juniors quick-stepped up the street in light marching order, one conveying the goat under his coat, and supported by the 1911 light infantry. Attacked in the flank by skirmishers of 1912, reinforced by rear guard, and surprise being complete, the victors wrested from the vanquished the spoils of war, and being in their turn handicapped by its weight and the necessity for seeking safety, were in their turn pursued by the avenging hordes of 1911-1912, distanced their pursuers far enough to admit of a bit of strategy which ended the contest once for all. Pretending to conceal the trophy at the home of one Mr. L., they instead conveyed it to the home of another Mr. L., where it rested for weeks until it was finally borne back in triumph to the abode of 1912, where it has since remained unmolested. Alas! poor Goat! As in more noted wars when two great nations fight over one weaker, the victor is jubilant, the vanquished apparently satisfied, but the bone of contention comes out of the contest shorn of his glory and bald as to both horns and ears. He would be a most disreputable object indeed only we throw over him the veil and the mantle of class spirit, and so we rally around him at the first whisper of the junkman. Sic Semper Tyran-nis, etc.

We shall leave behind us in room 4 a small American flag and a four-foot German flag in company with a bronze finished Barye Lion. What other class can boast of such a large collection?

It can be said that the class of 1912 has had a remarkable reputation and we hope it will continue the same throughout the remaining two years in B. H. S. It is also hoped that the prediction of being the first class to graduate from the new high school will come true. This prediction has been made so many times that it has become common, but if this is not fulfilled we shall attain honor by being the last class to graduate from the DEAR OLD B. H. S.



Freshman Class History

N the eighth of September, nineteen hundred and nine, a large body of Freshmen entered the Bloomfield High School. Although they admitted the fact to none, it is undeniably true that they felt rather terrified at their surroundings, and as they listened to the appropriate (if not comforting) strains of "Wake Freshmen Wake" sung to them in assembly on that first morning, many would gladly have been elsewhere.

At first each individual freshman felt that he was an object of interest to all the upper classes. He felt that he was being watched and that his general state of ignorance and the blunders which he committed were the cause of all the merriment around him. This, however, was not the case, although some amusing mistakes were made. The time three of the boys, believing that the shortest way is the best and therefore of necessity the correct one, came up that stairway which is the especial property of the girls instead of their own, is an example of these mistakes. There never has been a repetition of this particular transgression, as there were a number of people kind enough to remind the unfortunate three of the incident frequently enough to keep it from completely fading from their memories until the habit of going up the proper stairs was firmly fixed.

Now as a matter of fact, though there has been many statements to the contrary, the majority of the class is not dull, and after a while it began to dawn on most of them that their betters had many far more interesting topics of conversation than they. Also they began to realize that every one, including Faculty and Seniors had, at one time in their existence, been Freshmen, and before long they decided that they were the equals at least of every one of them. The coming of this decision marked the passing away of that timidity and modesty which had hitherto marked their course, and by this time Freshmen had come to feel quite comfortable and at home.

It now became evident that such an active and energetic class must have officers to guide them in their enterprises and on the second of November a class meeting was held for the purpose of electing these officers. The lack of interest in class affairs of all kinds which became evident later, had not manifested itself at this early stage in its existence and the majority of the class was present. Remi Buttinhuisen was elected president, Helen Smith, vice-president, and Carleton Shrouder, secretary and treasurer. Realizing that the duties attached to the latter office would in all probability be heavy, an effort was made (with what success it is not the writer's place to say) to select an individual who would not be too engrossed in study to give sufficient time and attention to his new duties.

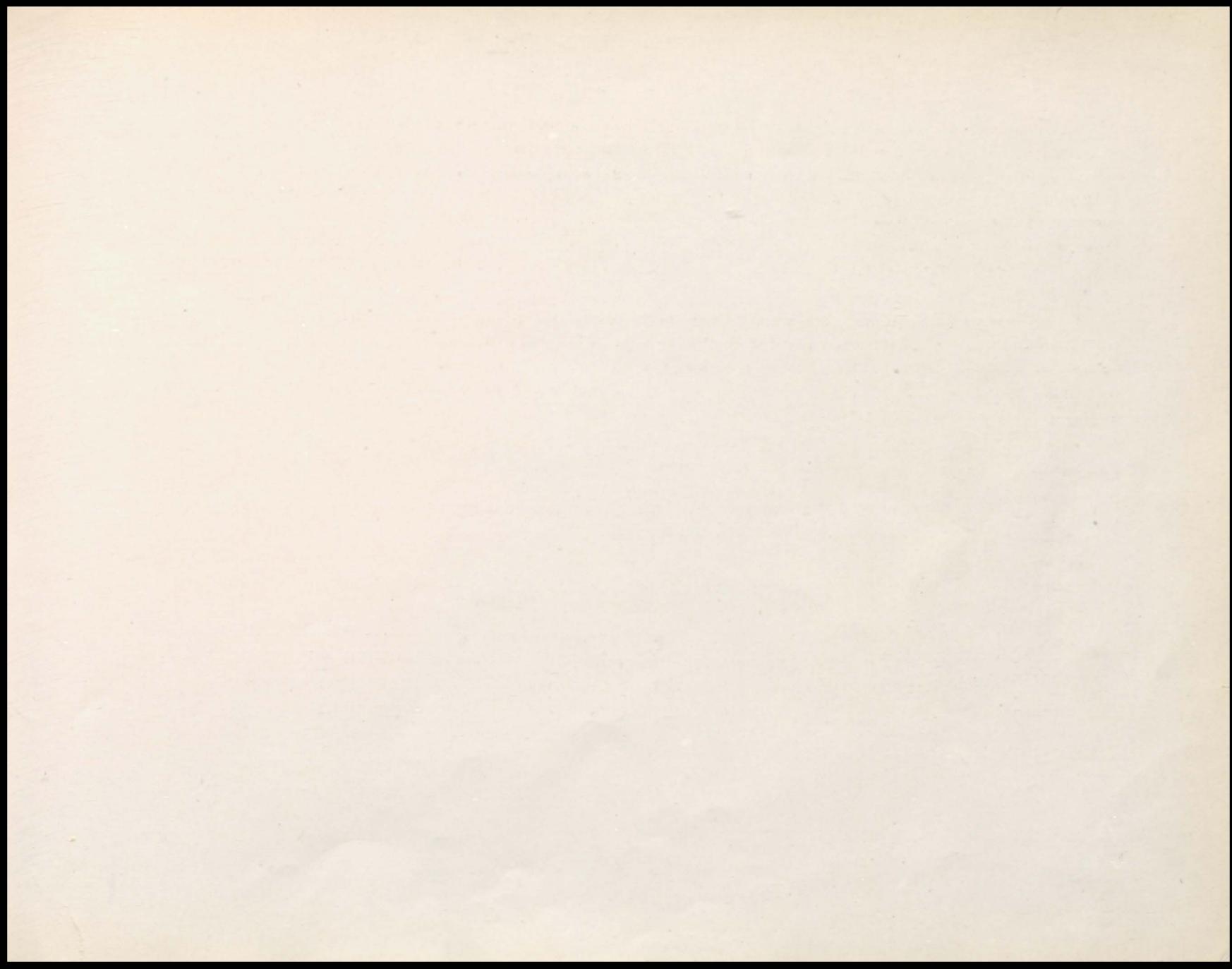
Not long after the advent of the first report a significance became attached to the alphabetical division of the class, and in some cases changes from one division to another were made. Those favored few in the A division were regarded by many of their less fortunate fellow-beings with feelings of mistrust not unmixed, it must be admitted, with envy in some instances. This feeling is illustrated by a remark which one member of "B" division was heard to make to another: "Those people in the 'A' division *think* they're smart—but that's all." However as there are many chances of a favored "A's" becoming a "B," and as it is the secret ambition of every B to become an A, these feelings are, as a general thing, well concealed and the class has an outward appearance of unity and loyalty.

During the week beginning on January thirty-first, those faithful few who had toiled diligently during the past five months, received their reward, for on that day the first of the dreaded mid-years came. For the rest of that week most Freshmen were deep in the slough of despondency, but, with the last of the examinations and the coming of the new week, spirits were restored, and most of the class had to admit that mid-years were not as bad as they were pictured, while a few sighed and said nothing.

On the seventh of March arrived the class-pins which the class had been patiently awaiting for over a month. On that morning two girls stood in the corner of number five examining their new pins. Said one, "I think we paid entirely too much for these pins—Freshmen class-pins are all nonsense anyway; we'll all probably break or lose them before the week is over." "Not at all," replied the other, "it's impossible to lose them with these patent clasps and as for *breaking* them—why there is nothing to break." As she spoke she pushed over the patent clasp of her pin. "Oh, goodness!" she exclaimed. "Oh, it's nothing," she replied in answer to the inquiries of her friend, and walked away. In her hand she held her new class-pin minus the patent catch which had broken off and rolled away the first time she attempted to clasp it.

Though the Freshmen have had some hard work and many trials they have decided that it is not such a bad thing to be a Freshman in the Bloomfield High School, particularly if he be a member of the class of *Nineteen Thirteen*. Nevertheless, now that the year is over, they are quite ready to leave the honor of being Freshmen to new-comers and take upon their shoulders the burdens and dignities of Sophomores.

BLEEKER.



Athletic Association



HE Athletic Association has had a very successful year inasmuch as they have successfully originated several new measures, which, it is believed, have and will greatly increase school spirit. The first of these is the awarding of bronze medals in place of the Gray felt "B" as hitherto awarded; the second of these was the awarding of a cup as a trophy for a series of interclass basketball games. Steps were taken this year to call regular meetings of the association. Conditions having changed questions not satisfactorily covered by the By-laws arose. A new set of By-laws was drawn up by the Executive Committee and ratified by the association.

Through the officers of the Alumni Association and the Athletic Association a meeting of the Alumni and students was held.

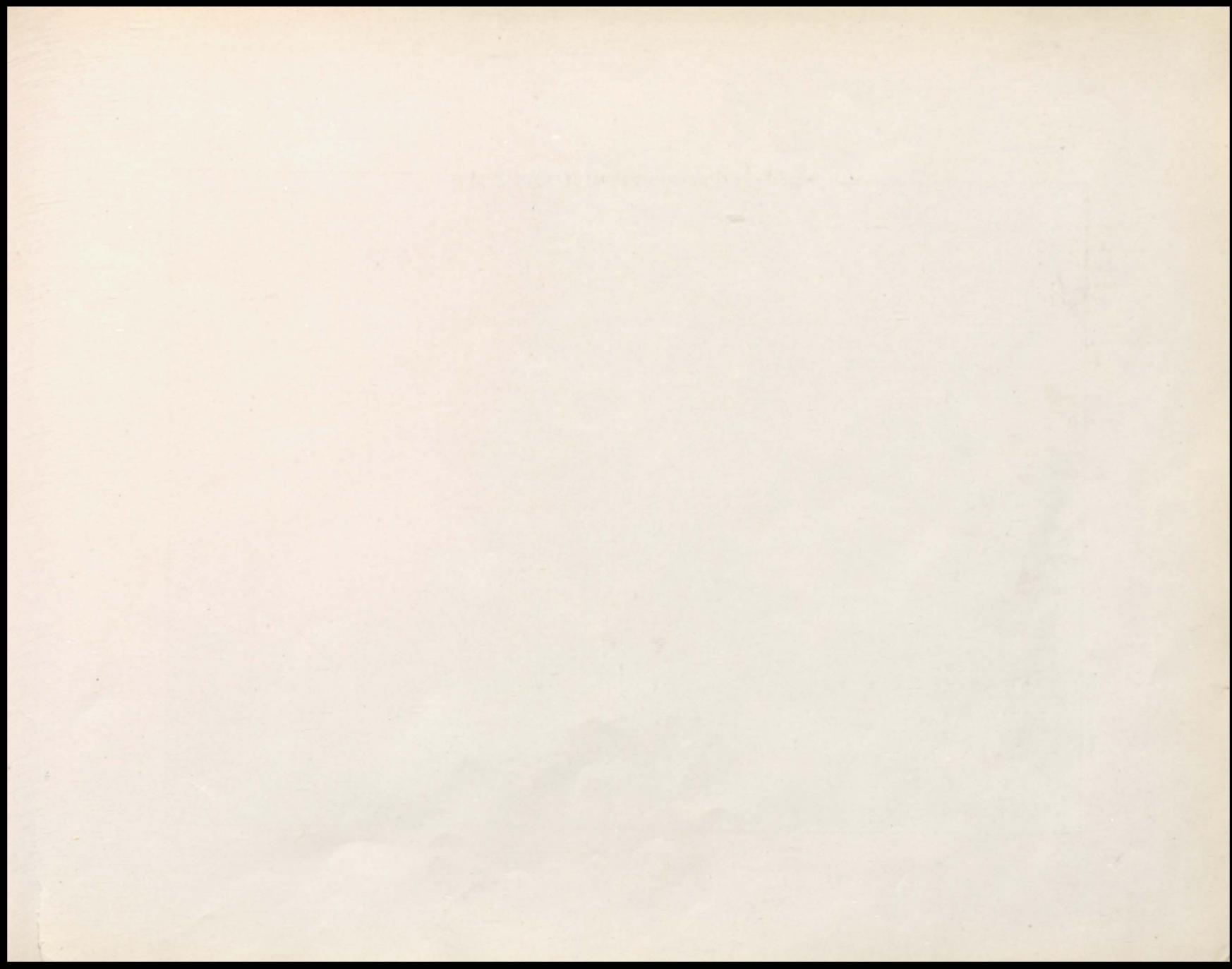
The Athletic Association wishes to thank the Glee Club for the financial support which they have given during the past year.

The following teams were supported by the Athletic Association during the past year: Football, boys' basketball, girls' basketball, interclass basketball and baseball.

P. A. CADY.

Officers of the Association

PRESIDENT	PIERRE CADY
VICE-PRESIDENT	LOUISE POLHEMUS
SECRETARY AND TREASURER.....	RAYMOND MARTIN
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE	MISS ELLA DRAPER
	ELIZABETH HARRISON
	HAROLD THOMPSON
COACH	WILLIAM CONLY





THE FOOTBALL TEAM.

19—Football—09



HEN practice was first called for football, prospects of a good team were very poor, but as time went on, more men came out and things began to brighten. On October the second, the day of the game with Orange High, the weights of the men were averaged up and we found that we had the lightest team in the history of the school. Notwithstanding this setback, we started off with a rush by defeating Orange, 6-2.

Then the tide turned and we were beaten by Paterson by a score of 16-0. However, the odds were greatly against us, in that we were outweighed nearly twenty pounds to the man.

Two days after the game with Paterson, we defeated Glen Ridge High by a score of 26-0. This was the extent of our winning.

Schedule

<i>B. H. S. score.</i>	<i>Opponents' score.</i>
B. H. S., 6.....	Orange High, 2
B. H. S., 0.....	Paterson, 16
B. H. S., 26.....	Glen Ridge, 0
B. H. S., 0.....	Ragtimes, 5
B. H. S., 0.....	Carteret Academy, 3
B. H. S., 8.....	Engelwood H. S., 20
B. H. S., 3.....	Orange Y. M. C. A., 20
B. H. S., 0.....	Mt. Vernon, 17

It may be stated that the men who won letters in football this season received a bronze medal from the A. A. Previously only a felt letter "B" was given to the men playing three-fourths of the season's games.

HAROLD O. THOMPSON, Mgr.

Girls' Basket-Ball

Captain, GEORGINA M. KOEHNLEIN.

Manager, LOUISE E. POLHEMUS.

THE girls' basketball team of Bloomfield High School did remarkably well this year considering the fact that nearly all of the players were new. The team had three advantages over the "naughty nine" team. The first of these was the new gymnasium at Berkeley School, which the High School was allowed to use through the kindness of Berkeley's principal. The second was a coach for the entire season, the same coach the "naughty nine's" had just before that glorious victory over Barringer High School. The last advantage came near the end of the season when another coach, Miss Cleaves, was secured through the kindness of Mr. Conley, the coach of the boys' teams.

Twelve games were scheduled but three of them canceled, leaving a season of nine games which were played with credit to the High School and the coaches. The team during the season had a regular schedule for practice. Twice a week the team was called on the court for an hour's practice under the direction of the coaches.

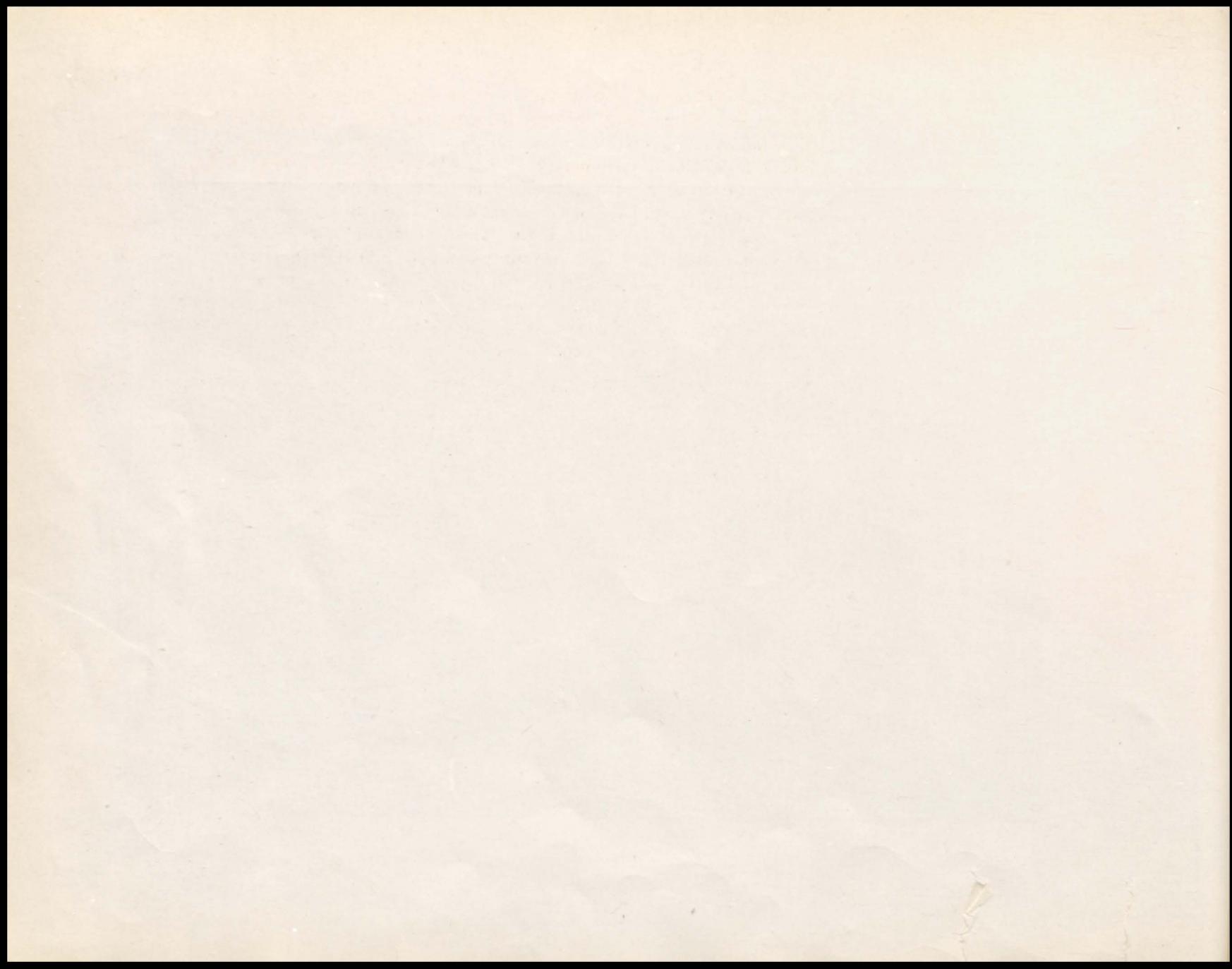
Two victories which especially delighted the school were scored against Glen Ridge High School. The score of the first game which was played on the Glen Ridge court was 28-16 and the second game on our court ended with a score 57-13.

One of the most interesting games of the season was played against Nutley High School on the Berkeley court. The Nutley team had met with but one defeat and a large crowd gathered to see the game. The score





BLOOMFIELD H. S. GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM.



ran very close all through the game and excitement reigned supreme. The first half closed with B. H. S. a few points ahead. After about a ten-minute intermission, the whistle blew. Gradually the Nutley team gained until the score was a tie, then B. H. S. gained. Again Nutley caught up and so the game went on with so much noise from the side lines that the referee's whistle could scarcely be heard. At last the time-keepers blew their whistles. The score was a tie and everywhere excitement reigned. The captains and managers consulted and at last it was decided that the teams should be given five minutes more. The players lined up for the last effort and in a minute the ball was in the air. It wavered back and forth in the center court and then went straight to the B. H. S. court and with a shout Bloomfield scored. Again the ball was tossed up and after a tussle, Nutley tied the score. The struggle began anew and B. H. S. gained three points. The referee's whistle blew for "time up" and with a shout the B. H. S. team left the court with a score of 21-18. The next morning in assembly the school song which is now sung only on very rare occasions, was brought forth from its retirement and enthusiastically sung.

The team of 1910 wishes to extend its best wishes to the team of 1911 and hope that they may have a most successful season.

LOUISE E. POLHEMUS.

Inter-Class Basketball

 OR the past few years the chief cry in the Athletic Association has been for "life," for something to arouse the enthusiasm of the pupils and to increase the membership of the association. Various plans were discussed by the association committee but all were rejected for one reason or another. Finally inter-class sports were suggested by one member. The idea spread to the basketball court and was quickly taken up, especially by those boys who played the game fairly well, but not well enough to make the High School team. Then each class elected its captain, who in turn selected a manager and the Inter-Class basketball series was started.

The following schedule was arranged with these results:

	1911	vs.	1912
Feb. 17, 1910.....	16		12
March 10, 1910.....	10		28
	1912	vs.	1913
Feb. 24, 1910.....	20		10
March 17, 1910.....	36		20
	1911	vs.	1913
March 2, 1910.....	17		16
March 24, 1910.....	9		18

As there are but three boys in the senior class, they were unable to put forth a team, in spite of the fact that one senior is equal to at least two of any under-class man. However, they were always willing to help the man that was down.

The season closed with the following class record:

	WON	LOST
1911	2	2
1912	3	1
1913	1	3

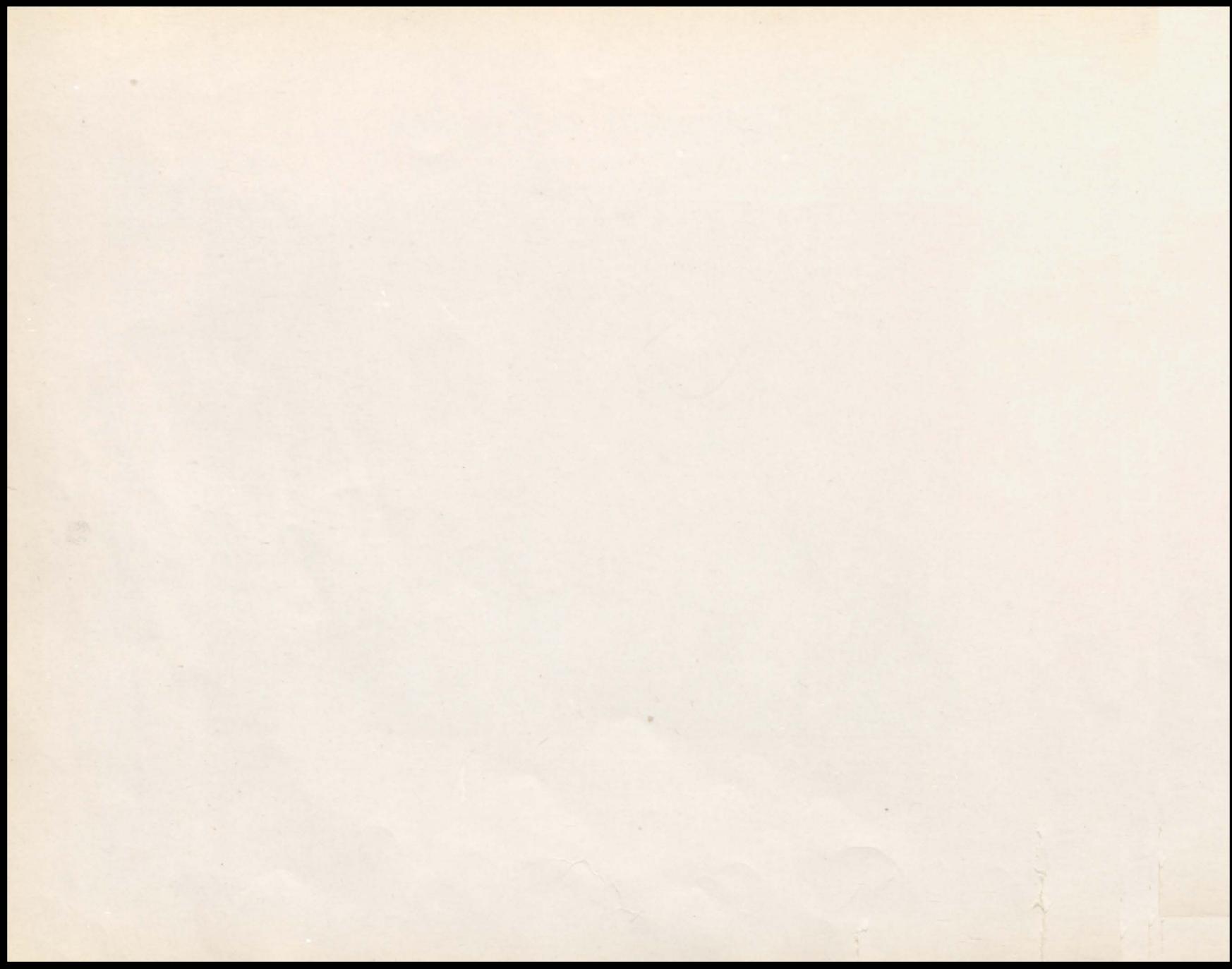
Clearly the class of "1912" were the victors. They had not only proven that they were strongest, but had broken all the unwritten laws and theories which state that upper classmen always take the lead. The team consisted of:

H. THOMPSON (Captain)
C. MACDONALD
S. HAMILTON

D. LAWRENCE
J. LALLY (Manager)
H. KYTE



INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL TROPHY AND WINNING TEAM—CLASS OF 1912.



In the meantime the Athletic Association committee held several meetings and decided to present a three-handled cup to the winning class which was to hold it one year. This cup was to run for three years and each year the class team holding it was to have the right to engrave whatever they wished between two of the handles. At the end of the three years the cup was to become the property of the association. Accordingly a cup was purchased and presented to the class of "1912" in May, 1910.

The Inter-Class basketball series was a decided success. Those who had never shown any interest in athletics appeared on the court for a "try out" or joined the side lines (one of the most important things for a successful team). Everywhere the well-worn words were heard "Going to the game?" Lengthy compositions were written on the subject of the game to be played that day and handed to Miss Draper to be read in assembly. But perhaps the most important benefit derived from this series was the increase in material for the High School boys' basketball team. The coach was now able to get better results and the team was greatly strengthened. It is hoped that this series will prove of even more benefit in the future and that it will soon lead to inter-class contests in all the sports and thus strengthen all branches of athletics in the High School.

LOUISE E. POLHEMUS.

Boys' Basketball Team



ROM the standpoint of the number of games won, the boys' basketball season was not a very great success, for out of a schedule of sixteen games, ten were lost and only six won. Notwithstanding this fact, the work of the basketball team has been the most satisfactory of any team this year.

There were no players left from the season before, and, with one or two exceptions, there were not any who had played basketball before. The candidates were willing to learn, however, and after the usual number of quitters had dropped out, the work and spirit of the team was encouraging, even though the scores were not very satisfactory.

Something new was tried this year in the organization of a faculty basketball team which played two games with the school team. Both games were won by the school team, but only after the hardest kind of a battle. In both games the faculty led until the second half of the game, when the better condition of the younger team enabled *them* to win. The interest that these games aroused in the school, and the fine spirit in which they were played, leaves it to be hoped that they will be continued in the future.

WILLIAM BLEEKER, Mgr.



BLOOMFIELD H. S. BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM.



BLOOMFIELD H. S. BASEBALL TEAM.



High School Baseball

THE baseball team opened the season with a defeat by Newark High School. The score of this game was 10-5. Owing to the fact that Newark arrived at Bloomfield late the game was cut short, seven innings being all that were played. Four or five more seven-inning games followed as the result of unavoidable circumstances.

In the middle of the season just when the team was getting into shape four or five of the regular players were conditioned on account of lessons. They showed gross lack of interest and kept themselves off the team for the remainder of the season by lack of effort to make things right. Recruits were found, however, who were just as good and as capable of filling the positions left vacant as the original players.

Perhaps the best game of the year was with Jersey City, the visitors winning after a fourteen-inning struggle by the close score of 7-5.

Another unique game was one played with Carteret Academy of Orange. This game was played in the pouring rain and proved unfortunate for us in the fact that our catcher, while sliding to second, broke his ankle, disabling him for the rest of the season.

Lack of spirit affected baseball probably more than any other sport but it is hoped that before next year a good remedy will be found and that the nine of 1911 will have a most successful and enjoyable season for all concerned.

J. LALLY.

The School Orchestra

P. J. SMITH, Leader.

S. BETTS, President. PAULA CADY, Sec.-Treas.



HEN All Creation holds a man devoted to music, able to impart his enthusiasm and a useful amount of his musical knowledge to a large and restless group of young people—most of them of that age which “hates to practice” and train said group in four school years to ability to play a good, rarely difficult grade of music smoothly and acceptably. All Creation is a fortunate planet. When he brings his talent to the U. S., the U. S. is twice lucky. When he confines his activities to Bloomfield—everybody who reads this please instantly rap three times on wood for fear he finds a better field and we lose him, that’s all.

Rejoicing in real music, Mr. Peter J. Smith, accomplished, hoping and helping where hope is possible, makes an ideal leader and promoter for the musical interests of Bloomfield High. Having led the Glee Club on to victory, and looking about him for yet tuneful worlds to conquer, he next gathers up the available instrumental musical talent and forms the Etude Club.

The start would have daunted a less courageous man than our “Uncle Peter.” Three violins, viola, cello, piano and a harp meet for the first few times in a parlor kindly loaned by Mrs. Seibert, to see if they could “get together.” Other violins soon joined, and later a clarinet; sad to say we lost the harp. Organizing in the Fall, this aggregation was able to play music, simple and simply arranged, for the “Play” the following February, including a medley overture of college and popular songs. Then we drew a long, long breath. We really *could* play in public.

The name has been changed from the “Etude Club” to the High School Orchestra, and the classical and operatic selections as well as popular music are now rendered. We would no longer dream of condescending to “Moon Dear” in the key of C. The same class of music is played this year as last, the improvement being in the lesser number of rehearsals necessary to put a difficult selection in shape for the public ear.

The orchestra hopes for more permanence in the violin section. While there have been but few changes during the past year, this group has previously been a changeable quantity. There is now a group of second violins as well as a group of first violins, adding much to the harmony. We have had three pianists, owing to the

two having successively graduated. A double bass, cornet, trombone and more wood wind instruments would be welcome additions. May the day soon come when some of the pupils of Bloomfield High will discover that a good portion of the breath they waste in useless repining might be devoted greatly to the musical interests of that great institution, to blowing into the mouth-piece of cornet, clarinet, trombone or flute, gently, harmoniously, in time and tune with the devoted little band that rises in its might and sweeps its bow across the strings.

Commencement Programme

MARCH FROM AIDA.....	<i>Verdi</i>
VISIONS OF PARADISE WALTZES.....	<i>C. W. Bennett</i>
GARDEN OF LOVE.....	<i>Emil Ascher</i>

PAULA L. CADY.

The Mandolin Club



THE Mandolin Club is an entirely new organization of the High School. It may be truly said that for its first year, it has been a great success. This is largely owing to its able instructress, Miss Elizabeth Norton, for it is through her ability that the club has accomplished the work it has done.

At present, the club consists of six mandolins, but it is hoped that this number will be increased next year. The club was organized at the beginning of the year, and met once a week at Centre school.

The first engagement was at the Glee Club Concert in Jarvie Memorial Hall. This was its first appearance before the public and we were therefore a little nervous. Three selections were played, and evidently were rendered fairly well, for they were followed by the hearty applause of the audience. Thus you see, the club "shone" at its first appearance, and it hopes to keep on "shining." The second engagement was with the Glee Club at the Watsessing Church. Here it was rather difficult to play well and yet be heard above the bustle of the Fair. However, the audience appreciated the attempt, for the members were treated "most royally" afterwards. A third time, at the Glee Club reception, a selection was given and Miss Norton played two solos. The fourth engagement was June 23rd, at the Commencement of the Watsessing School. The club expects to do much better work next year. The difficult pieces rendered during this first year prove that the intellectual power of the club is worth cultivating. We expect to gather together next September, but with increased numbers.

The members of the society at present are: Miss Elizabeth Norton, instructress; Edna Baldwin, Helen Stone, M. E. Edland, William Garlock and Warren Davis.

For the size of the club, it has done fairly well. With the good, earnest work, we hope to bring it in the near future "on par" with the other societies of the High School. We need more members. Some banjos and guitars are needed to accompany the mandolins, and for anyone who has any of these instruments, it is time to "tune up."

It is perhaps more pleasant to dwell more upon the future than on the present. This is easily explained, for our past history is very small, while we have all the future before us, but suffice it to say, that with the above additions we will have an *ideal* club for our *coming ideal* High School.

P. S. Let us hope that the *ideal* club will not be so long in coming as the new High School has been.

M. E. EDLAND.

3.00



THE ORCHESTRA AND MANDOLIN CLUB.



THE GLEE CLUB OF THE BLOOMFIELD HIGH SCHOOL.

The Glee Club



N organization of note and prominence in the High School and in fact in the town, is the Bloomfield High School Glee Club. June, 1910, closes the sixth year in the history of the club; and it may be said that it has increased in its abilities each year. We have a membership of forty-six enthusiastic students of our High School. Instead of a play we were advised by the Board of

Education to appear in a concert this year. It was a rousing success and Jarvie was full to overflowing. The club was invited to assist at the Westminster Presbyterian and Watsessing Methodist Churches during the year. Another event besides the concert was our reception, held on the twenty-ninth of April at Center School. There were one hundred seventy-five invitations issued and a good sized crowd was present. A short musical program was followed by a farce, "Monsieur," presented by Mary Vogelius, Louise Polhemus, Jule Biggart, Pierre Cady, Raymond Martin and Spencer Hamilton. Refreshments were served and a social hour followed.

Every year, in the history of the club, has surpassed its predecessor; let the club next year put forth every effort to retain this record.

J. BIGGART.

OFFICERS, 1909-10.

PRESIDENT	RAYMOND MARTIN
VICE-PRESIDENT	LOUISE POLHEMUS
TREASURER	HELENE NICHOLSON
SECRETARY	JULIA BIGGART
COMMITTEE	{ GRACE DECKER MARY VOGELIUS JESSIE PATON P. J. SMITH
ACCOMPANIST	
MUSICAL DIRECTOR	

1909—The Latin Club—1910



ERHAPS, before reading the treatise on the illustrious Latin Club, it would be well to know what it is. According to Miss Gay, "It is an organization of advanced Latin students, for study of Roman religion, life, literature, etc. Papers are read at bi-monthly meetings, and occasionally we have a lecturer speak to us upon some Latin topic." In regards to the lecturers, we have had several this year. Mr. Wells, who told how Latin is studied at Princeton, and Miss Rehmann who told the story of Pompeii, illustrating her talk with pictures, gave us two very enjoyable afternoons. The members of the club have given essays on assigned subjects, the majority of these being well prepared and well rendered. The subjects this year have been on the Aeneid and Roman life and customs. So much for the work of the club.

We have also had some good times. At the Saturnalia, the old Romans would have been horrified to see how we celebrated their festival. Of course, after an address by the president, we played games. The war (*bella*) between Pompey and Caesar waged hot for some time, until, contrary to Roman History, Pompey won. However, he did not prove a very cruel victor—the worst punishment he inflicted on his captives was to make them sit on overturned vinegar jugs and thread needles, while they kept their feet in the air. It was serious, too, when Pompey and Caesar, other times dignified members of the Faculty, were blindfolded and compelled to feed each other that infant food, puffed rice.

Perhaps the most interesting item on the program was the shouting of Latin Proverbs. One member was sent from the room, while a short proverb was divided, word for word, among the other members. When the outcast had returned, the words were all hurled at him from many mouths at once and he had to guess the proverb! That game proved what fine Latin students we had. Miss Draper, Miss Gay and Mr. Losee particularly distinguished themselves.

In accordance with the old Latin custom, we ended our festival with a banquet. While we sat expectantly in Room 4, numerous mysterious looking packages were brought in and laid on Miss Gay's desk. Then our attention was called to the board where appeared a formidable numbered list of Latin phrases. These, corre-

sponding to the numbers on the packages, which were passed around the room, represented what we had to eat. We had to guess them! Needless to say, some very amusing explanations were offered. At last, when our originality was about exhausted the articles were opened, displaying to us many tempting goodies. In a short while they disappeared, and in a little while longer so had the Latin Club members. Thus ended our Saturnalia.

At the closing exercises, we bequeathed, as a memorial to the new school, a three-foot statue of Niké or the Winged Victory.

With thanks to Miss Gay, our staff and prop, the one on whom the real responsibility rested, we hope next year to see the Latin Club more active than ever.

C. E. HUMMEL (Sect.).

Class Prophecy



HERE are, undoubtedly, a great many people who do not believe in old-time sayings and superstitions. There are also a great many who think they do not believe in them but who really would not do anything to cross the fates. And then besides these, there are still others who *claim* to be superstitious. One of these old-time sayings or superstitions is that the daisy can, in some unknown way foretell the future. Now if you belong to the first class of people, put aside your disbelief and try real hard to believe, for just a few minutes. But if you class yourself among those of the other two classes, let your superstitions have full sway and we will see what this daisy will prophesy for the class of 1910 which sets sail to-night on its journey across the sea of life.

ELMER TAYLOR.

I was not surprised to hear the other day, that our old schoolmate, Elmer Taylor, was elected by a New York committee, as the candidate for the Olympic games. Even in high school, Elmer showed a particular liking for these games as most of his compositions were on that subject. But I am afraid Elmer will not be able to stop talking long enough to participate in these games.

GEORGINA KOEHNLEIN.

Word has been received that Miss Koehnlein has been elected captain of the basketball team at Vassar for the coming year. She has won a place, and naturally a large place, in the hearts of all her fellow-scholars, not only on account of her excellent ball playing but also for her good nature and jollity.

LOUISE POLHEMUS.

"Lucky Polly," or some may say "Poor Polly," after graduating from Normal School won the heart of a Frenchman, "Monsieur" _____. At present she is touring Europe but after a few months, I am sure, as a lady of leisure she will be glad to entertain any of her old friends at her chateau in France.

DOROTHY STARKWEATHER.

After trying a P. G. course, housekeeping and a number of other things and not succeeding, Dorothy finally remembered her great ability as well as her liking for art and so went abroad to complete her study, started in the Bloomfield High School. She was making rapid progress and had given one exhibition in Paris when suddenly to the surprise of all her friends she returned to Bloomfield and took up housekeeping again. But this time it is in a different form and she is making a great success of it.

JULIA BIGGART.

Now that airships are so popular, of course Jule has abandoned the great liking she had for autos and has turned her affections upon an airship, or perhaps—the owner thereof. She may be seen at almost any time sailing over Bloomfield or some of its suburbs, but even before I finish writing this, she may have turned her affections upon a submarine boat or even back again to an every-day auto, for Jule always seemed to believe that, "Variety is the spice of life."

BERTHA SEREX.

A few years ago, people would not have believed that a woman could possibly fill a man's place in Congress. But now that woman has gained what she calls, "Her right." Miss Serex, one of New Jersey's representatives, is proving, by her marvelous speeches, that a woman can fill a man's place. The strong voice that she cultivated at noon hours at high school, she is certainly making good use of. It is not the speeches but Bertha's winning way and attractive accent that is almost irresistible.

MADELINE NOLL.

As Madeline Noll never was and never will be very tall she is showing that it does not take height to make might. She has done a great deal to help along the work of the Suffragettes and promises still greater things. Wherever one sees Miss Noll, one also sees a large crowd gathered about her, a great many anxious to hear and to believe what she has to say, but also a great many only to see the lady who can talk a week without stopping. She must just recently have discovered her ability to talk, for a few years ago in school, her sensibilities were so acute, the fear of being silent made her mute.

PHILIP CLOKE.

In front of a little store on Bloomfield Avenue, Philip Cloke sits from morning till night patiently awaiting customers. After graduating from high school, he joined the United States Navy. But, unfortunately, from force of habit Philip was late to roll-call every day. All the punishing seemed of no avail and so finally when he was even late in attending to his duties, he was discharged. He then decided it was best to go into business for himself. And now Philip can be late just as often as he pleases.

ELIZABETH HARRISON.

There has been a debating society organized recently in New York the object of which is to prove that whatever the members say is true. I have told that a number of the graduates from Wellesley belong to this society, among them Bessie Harrison. But then ever since I have known Bessie her ability to verify the truth of whatever she says has been developing, so it is no wonder she has gained renown.

PIERRE CADY.

In one of the recent magazines there was a picture of Professor Cady of Princeton. The article accompanying this picture told of Professor Cady's reformed method for teaching chemistry in high schools. By this method pupils can learn all there is to know about chemistry in the short space of one term. The article also told of his late discovery, whereby worms can be preserved so as not to lose any of their living characteristics. In this way students are able to have at any time, any kind of a bug to dissect, without being obliged, first to locate it, next to capture it, and last and worst to kill it.

HELENE NICHOLSON.

The class of Nineteen Ten has certainly turned out a sufficiently large number of professionals, considering the size of the class. Helene Nicholson has helped to increase the number by giving a series of piano recitals in Carnegie Hall. Judging from the number of friends who attend these recitals Helene has not lost any of her old popularity.

CARRIE TAYLOR.

I just received a letter the other day from a friend in Bloomfield, telling me that at last the new high school building has been completed. She also said that ever since the Nineteen Ten class made it necessary for Miss Wyman to leave the school in April and take a restful trip through the West, they had not been able to get a teacher with patience enough to endure what the Seniors call "Their Right," until Carrie Taylor, after graduating from Teachers College, accepted this position. And she certainly fills the position well.

MARION HAYS.

On a brass plate over the door of one of the prettiest houses in Bloomfield is the following inscription:

"MISS MARION HAYS,
Select classes in Kindergartning."

After graduating from school Miss Hays was persuaded by her friends to start a small class in kindergartning. She grew so devoted to it and her classes increased to such numbers that now she has rented this house and has a couple of assistants. But Marion spends her spare hours in experimenting with the different elements and their compounds, which she discovered in her course of chemistry are all medicines. She is trying to find out the diseases for which they can be safely used and hopes that in a few years she will be able to hang out a new brass plate inscribed: "Miss Marion Hays, M. D."

HAZEL MORRIS.

What do you suppose has become of Hazel Morris? I just heard the other day that she is way over in Japan doing a wonderful work as a missionary. She is teaching a school which contains from four to five hundred girls. Hazel always was afraid of the boys but I never thought she would go way over there and busy herself in a school of girls in order to keep away from them. She writes that the work is interesting only sometimes she does get so homesick for Bloomfield.

CATHYRINE GILLICK.

You all have read of Miss Gillick's great success as an actress but very few no doubt have had the pleasure of witnessing one of her performances. I had this pleasure the other day and I certainly agree with all the critics. She was "just too dear for anything," to use the words of some girls who sat back of me. But one thing that seemed rather peculiar was that in each of the four acts she wore a gorgeous cloak and I wondered if she acquired this taste while at school. Her pleasing smile is the basis of all her success and with this she wins the hearts of all her audiences.

HERMINIA DOSCHER.

The following is a notice from a recent paper: "A very pretty, though simple wedding was solemnized Wednesday at high noon, at the home of Mr. Doscher when his daughter Herminia became a bride. Her personal charm and beauty of character makes all who know her say with one accord, 'She speaks, behaves and acts just as she ought'."

BLANCHE.

Blanche, upon leaving B. H. S. made her hesitating way to an art school in New York. *She* "couldn't draw." However, the school was not large enough for her. She finished her *three* year course in *two*, and then was ready to teach. By this time she wanted to study more, so she went abroad where she made a specialty of design. After two years on the continent, Blanche returned home, thinking that she might now begin her life's work with more confidence. It happened that since the *new high school* had been completed, it became necessary to have more divisions of the drawing class. Blanche, who appeared at precisely the psychological moment, was made head of the *Design Department*. When we last heard of her she was prospering rapidly and in a fair way to become head of the Art Department. H. N.

I belong to the class of people who are very superstitious and therefore I believe firmly in what the daisy has told us. But if there are any who do not now believe they will be convinced by the fulfillment of this prophecy, meanwhile:

Sail forth into the sea, O ship,
Through wind and wave, right onward steer,
In spite of rocks and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea,
Sail on, O ship, sail on!

B. WALLACE.

Jingles

J. BIGGART.

Every time an auto passes
By the school,
It never bothers any of the lasses
Excepting Jule.
She looks in such a wistful way,
(I wonder why)
She's doubtless thinking, "Perhaps *he* may
Be passing by.

H. N.

PIERRE CADY.

Shine little glow-worm glimmer,
But if you see a bright light shimmer;
You'll surely know 'tis Bobby,
For you really are his hobby.

Each night our worthy President
Is on some earnest errand bent;
Now, whether its worms or Polly,
To solve it 'twould be folly.

PHILIP CLOKE.

There is a big fellow by the name of Cloke,
Of all the class he's the biggest joke;
When the nine o'clock bell is about to strike
He's usually somewhere along the pike.

HERMINIA DOSCHER.

Herminia is the name
That'll surely be known to fame;
For she's quick as a wit
When in Math. class we sit;

But don't ask how she likes Latin prose
For surely she'll turn up her nose;
It seems as tho' she's always at it,
Tho' I know she wishes she'd never had it.

CATHERINE GILLICK.

Catherine is awfully small,
She's also very neat;
But as for her that is not all
Her list of science is most complete,
Now why does Catherine like it so?
Oh! come don't be so slow,
It's just because a friend of hers
The science course prefers.

MARION HAYS.

Now Marion, everybody knows,
Each morn her smiling face she shows;
She's always right there,
When there's ever a dare;
Tho' sharply at three home she goes.

ELIZABETH HARRISON.

Elizabeth's her proper name,
Tho' we know her better as Bess;
Who on us a nice little game,
I know she'll surely confess.

In Math. class she captures our only boy
So that even our teacher's afraid
That soon her Math. class she'll surely destroy
At least till surrender is made.

HAZEL MORRIS.

Hazel has an awful time when in English class she sits,
For our Prof. sends a question her way,
Such a terrible frown upon her face fits
That we fear that some day it will come there to stay.

HELENE NICHOLSON.

Oh! what can be that awful scream,
You've all heard that noise I'm sure;
Why that's only Dot who has tickled Helene,
What a lot our poor ears do endure.

MADELINE NOLL.

Madeline Noll is our society Bell,
Each morn when she arrives
Of some event she'll always tell
From which great pleasure she derives.
One night it is a masquerade,
But next night it's a party
For which great plans she has laid,
But they never make her tardy.

BERTHA SEREX.

Her name is Bertha Serex, tho' in French they call her Sarah,
Now it can't be because she likes it,
So I guess we'd better ask Miss Hasbroucke why she thinks
it to be fairer.

LOUISE POLHEMUS.

Polly's our President's able assistant,
She's the secretary of our class,
These two were never very far distant
Throughout the year that's passed;
Of course it was always business
That kept them till five at night,
But still they seemed to think it
Was really out of sight.

DOROTHY STARKWEATHER.

Now here's our lively Dorothy
Who happy seems always to be;
One day when we talked of an affair for some sport
Then Dot did insist that she have an *escort*.
Of course we were anxious to see who t'would be
And it happened to be our old friend, Donald B.

CARRIE TAYLOR.

Now here is Carrie our great Latin sharp,
It's she who grinds from morn till dark,
Ad, Ante, Con, In, In, Inter, Ob, Post, Prae, Prob, Sub;
When she gets started there's an awful hubbub
And then we all our eyes do rub.

J. BIGGART.

Class Presents

J. BIGGART.

RED-HEADED DOLL.

Pearing from the window,
With an earnest, longing look;
Jule's often found, when she
Ought to be watching her book.

Why does this youthful maiden
Thus Broad Street scan,
We really couldn't tell you
But we judge it's for a man(n).

P. CLOKE.

A BOTTLE OF "WHO KNOWS."

Treton.
You can see it in his eye.
But *gee!*
At *chemistry*
He surely does soar high.

P. CADY.

A LARGE ENGAGEMENT BOOK.

If all through life so many offices you hold
As at present in the Class of 1910,
A book the size of this you will surely need
To keep your dates with the hosts of other men (?).

H. N.

HERMINIA DOSCHER.

A CHICKEN.

We never understood exactly why Herminia didn't like baseball but assume that it's because there they don't pay much attention to the Fowls.

K. GILLICK.

A BOX OF WRITING PAPER.

Here's a box of writing paper,
It's better than a pad

And a notebook isn't in it
Except when they're a fad.

Now with this writing paper,
If you only find a stamp
You may pursue your correspondence
With that night-school Gentleman Tramp.

M. HAYS.

MINISTERIAL DOLL.

From Rutger's verdant valleys,
From Watsessing's sunny height,
There oft comes a poor green Freshee
When we close for Friday night.
As he comes within our portals,
You will always hear him say
As he takes our Secretary
For a walk beside the way,
"I came across the garden hoping that I might be of service."

E. HARRISON.

BOTTLE.

In this bottle is a compound
Which to make is quite a feat,
And its only aim and purpose
Is to make you leave your seat.
"Miss Harrison, if you will kindly get up the class will be
very glad to hear what you have to say."

G. KOEHNLEIN.

SLATE.

Here's a slate
Perhaps too late
To save the board.

When foolish whim's
Incessant din
Rings in your ear.

Write it down
Without a frown
And break the slate.

H. MORRIS.

MOSQUITO.

Up from the Jersey meadows,
Fast on the wing of night,
Came the thirsty insect
To bite with all his might.

Uninterrupted came he
Till he reached our progressive town,
But there he was defeated
By this girl of great renown.

H. NICHOLSON.

TRAVELING BAG TIED WITH RED, YELLOW, BLACK AND GRAY RIBBONS

Red and Black,
I take it back.
It should be Black and Yellow.
Perhaps to-day its Red and Gray,
Or else the other fellow.

M. NOLL.

A BOOK, "EXPOSITION ON EXPLOSIVES."

Bertha's partner in the Chem. Lab.
And they make a dandy pair,
But they're all on pins and needles,
Lest things go off with a flare.

L. POLHEMUS.

A RED ERASER VERY LARGE.

Here's a great big red eraser,
It's the biggest we could find,
But you can't throw it at the president,
Because it ain't that kind.

D. STARKWEATHER.

AN ALARM CLOCK.

This alarm clock will give you
(It's real nickel-plate.)
And now if you use it
You won't have to be late.

B. SERAX.

DICTIONARY.

This girl's from Boston
As you may all know,
That beautiful city
Where they are so slow.

There's one thing they can't do
That we can do here,
And that's to use simple words
Without shocking the ear.

Here is a dictionary,
Revised to Jersey "Dutch,"
'Twould be well for you to read it
If you have not studied such.

C. TAYLOR.

A CHINESE DICTIONARY.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring."
So deep this maid has gone
That we fear
Before long
In China she will emerge.

E. TAYLOR.

A THOMAS FLYER.

Darius Green had a flying machine.
This youth has a Thomas Flyer.
Now don't go too far and bump in a star,
And have a pass quarrel with Halley.

B. WALLACE.

A CUTTER.

"Bert" here's a sleigh.
Now you needn't faint away.
I won't tell,
But on a winter night
When the sleighing's
Out of sight,
Hurry home.

P. A. CADY.

Senior Class Will

While we the mates of '10 sail by,
The ship behind us we espy;
As she will soon our course steer o'er,
We give her these, all ours before.

Captain of 1911 brave,
Beside us glancing o'er the wave,
For you our cabin, twelve's the number,
Where you may study, sigh and slumber,
When storms assail, and howls the wind,
Within it comfort you may find.

Beside our gallant crew all here,
Behold three beasts which have made you fear:
The hawk, which prowls thru'out the day,
The owl, who flutt'reth at midnight gray,
And lastly, this awful, roaring lion,
Who's caused you many a time to sigh on.

We leave you these of fur and feathers
To feed, and pet in maritime weathers.
And if the lion doth roar too bold,
Keep him on hardtack in the hold.

A desk for your treasures in cabin you'll find;
And that it may ever be safe, now you mind,
These wonderful keys keep safely at hand
To lock it and guard it from black pirate band.

Wentworth's mathematics, through squally quadratics.
O thou brown book, thou only knows

What fathoms deep have reached our waves;
Thy lines drawn to Infinity
Scarce measured out our misery.
When you despair o'er sinking marks,
Just heave old Wentworth to the sharks.

Four long years ago, when '06 sailed forth,
This mirror they gave, our reflection to show.
We've cherished it, kept it with nary a crack,
On you we bestow it; we'll miss it, alack.

Our first mat's been sailing away and away
Toward the balmy Pacific where sea lions play.
Her fair, steady guidance and loyalty true,
We herewith bequeath, 1911, to you.

For you, our good, new watering can;
Our ivy it sprinkled, man by man.
We hope it will water your plant as well,
And make it grow and flourish and swell.

There's a glorious flag floating fair on the breeze,
We've honored it, kept it in glory all bright;
It has been our true comfort, defence and delight.
Pray take it, eleven, it's yours now to keep
And so may it float ever fair on the deep.

These treasures we give you,
With minds sound and clear,
In June, day the twenty-first,
Nineteen ten is the year.

Signed by PIERRE of the CADYS and ALL of us LADIES.

By D. STARKWEATHER,
Class Lawyer.

The Planting of the Ivy—1910

Laughing Seniors bright and gay
Wear smiling faces,
For this is Arbor Day.
Happily trip from the room
To the music of an Arbor Day tune.
Out upon the grass
Stands the President of our class,
Ready to plant the Ivy green.
First a hole is dug so deep
In which to plant the Ivy sweet.
Put the plant into this place,
Spread the roots out
With loving hands and a smiling face,
So that in the years to come
Its leaves will multiply one by one.

Then fill the hollow with dark brown earth,
The kind that gave this Ivy birth.
Over it all let us pray
That it will grow and live
To see many a May.
Let thy clinging arms divine

Embrace the High School and entwine
Among the red brick of this Dear Place
Grow beautiful, so to be greeted with
A pupil's and a teacher's smiling face.

Let thy arms reach the steeples high
And joyfully look upward to the sunlit sky.
Grow on, thou green and creeping vine,
Give cheer and welcome the old and new
Scholars from year to year.
May thy beauty be spoken of from place to place
And never be put to disgrace.
Shield the windows from the hot sun's rays
And let the breezes with thy green leaves play
Give coolness to the lesson and the study room
So the scholars will always look forward
To when you are in full bloom.

Of thy greatness never fear
For we know to all you'll bring good cheer
And we the class of NINETEEN TEN
Will always remember you to the last.

GEORGINA M. KOEHNLEIN.

Fooled!

EVERYONE knows about the Junior Prom., but not everyone knows the bashful boy in the Junior class. As I do not think it safe to mention any names we will call him Rob.

Rob was busily studying one evening about a week before the Prom. when suddenly in rushed his chum Jack, skates over his shoulder. "Come on, Rob, there's dandy skating to-night."

"You get out of here. I haven't any time for skating. I have a test to-morrow, and besides ever since the principal sent that letter home, mother just insists that I study two whole hours a day." With that Rob tossed his book on the table, stretched himself and with a yawn added:

"Jack, I'm in the dickens of a hole; all the fellows are guying me because I'm not going to the Prom. They say I'm afraid to ask a girl and if I did she wouldn't go with me."

"O Rob! I know just the thing. You know Janette and I are not good friends ever since that straw-ride, so I didn't intend to go, but I'll tell you. I'll put on skirts and be a girl like I was in the play last year. And you're going to take me to the dance."

"Bully Jack, will you really do that? Well come on then and we'll go skating."

The next week was very exciting for all the fellows tried their level best to find out who Rob was going to take to the dance. "I say Jack, who is this girl Rob is going to take?"

"Oh, she is a stunner!"

"Well, who are you going to take?"

"Me? Oh, I can't go; you see I am going to be out of town that night, but you fellows come around Friday night and tell me all about it."

Bob and Jack had a good many rehearsals at which Jack's sister, sworn to secrecy, assisted with many valuable suggestions. At last the night of the Prom. arrived and Rob was there with Miss Edith Whorton. Her eyes were "sky-blue," her hair golden and her dress "a dream." Rob was surrounded with eager petitions for just one dance, but as Rob said, he hadn't seen Edith in so long he just had to make the most of the evening. Everything went off alright as Rob and Edith spent most of their time in remote corners. The next evening the fellows dropped around to see Jack and tell him all about the dance. All were there except Rob and all raving over Edith. Finally Jack left the room to find some trace of Rob. After a few minutes in came Rob with Edith on his arm, just as she appeared at the dance. "Gentlemen and weak-minded," said Rob, "let me introduce to you my accomplice Edith, known in school as Jack." With that Edith's wig went one way, her dress another until there stood Jack. The fellows all stood back amazed. They certainly had been fooled.

B. E. M., '10.

An Encounter With a Bull



SEVERAL years ago I was spending the summer in the mountains of a great cattle-raising country. One morning I wanted to go for a walk but could find no one who would go with me, so I decided to go alone. I planned to climb to the very summit of a nearby mountain. Everyone tried to dissuade me, saying that it was *too* hot for such a walk and that there was a fierce bull pastured on the slope of the mountain. It was necessary to go through the pasture because it was the only place on that side of the mountain but *that* was *too* thickly wooded. I replied that it wouldn't be any hotter walking than it would doing anything else, and as for the bull I didn't believe there was any there, and even if there was, I wasn't afraid of bulls.

So I started off alone bound for the top of the mountain. I walked down the road until I came to the fields at *its* foot. Although I wasn't at all afraid of bulls I took a good look over the pasture from the top of the stone-wall separating it from the road before I began my climb. But I saw no bull and so jumped down on the other side of the wall and started up the slope of the mountain.

At last after a hot climb I stood on the very top of the mountain. After resting a few minutes and enjoying the beautiful view of the valley *stretched* out before me I began the descent.

When about half-way down I began to think how silly it was of people to imagine there was a bull there. I had seen no bull, and hadn't I been from one end of the pasture to the other? Just then as I glanced back toward the summit of the mountain I thought I saw something moving toward me in the distance. I stood still a moment and shaded my eyes with my hand. Yes, it was surely *moving* toward me and very rapidly, too, above all it was certainly a large animal of some kind. Instantly the story of the bull reverted to my mind. It so happened that I wore a red dress that day. I had heard that bulls were particularly adverse to red. I looked at the rapidly decreasing distance between myself and the moving animal and at the distance between me and the stonewall which marked the road and safety, and I decided that it was time I was getting home, so I started on at a very rapid walk. I was thankful for one thing, the bull was not between me and the road. In a few minutes I looked back; he was very near me. I started to run and soon got going down the steep, rocky path at a terrific pace. Nearer and nearer came the bull, faster and faster I ran, but somehow the wall seemed to get farther and farther away. My breath was about gone and I cast a hurried glance over my shoulder at the

bull. Just then I tripped over a stone and fell and the next thing I knew I was rolling over and over down the steep, briery cow-pasture. When at last I stopped rolling I found myself lying bruised and battered close by the stonewall. As soon as I could collect my scattered senses I jumped to my feet prepared to see a huge bull standing over me. Great was my surprise and mortification when I saw, instead of a ferocious bull, a pretty little brown calf scarcely more than two months old standing a few yards away gazing curiously at me.

EMILY BLEECKER, '13.

The Final Game



AM sure everyone has heard of a football game and has experienced the thrill of excitement that one feels in reading of, listening to an account of, or witnessing a game of this kind. The football game I shall describe to you is between Elmwood High School and Riverside High School. Elmwood High was surrounded by tall, ancient and beautiful elms from which it obtained its name. Toward the west of the campus was a small river and across this was situated Riverside High, Elmwood's bitterest enemy.

For months Elmwood had been working hard for this great game. Riverside, too, had not been idle, for its captain had also worked his men hard.

On the afternoon of that eventful day if one were to look toward the north he would see the Riverside team resplendent in brown and white sweaters, while toward the south the blue and gray emblems of Elmwood would be seen floating proudly over her loyal subjects.

At last the whistle from the referee was heard and the teams trotted on the field. In less time than can be imagined the teams were upon each other in one confused heap.

Suddenly a Riverside man rushed out of the group and bounded towards goal, but was soon downed by his opponents.

Next, Riverside tried a quarter-back run and as it was unexpected, was successful, Riverside reaching goal.

Now was Elmwood's chance to show what they were made of. But when they tried to plunge at center they were baffled.

Again Elmwood tried to plunge at center and managed to get half-way down the field when they were downed.

All through the first half the Elmwood team played in a half-hearted manner, and when the first half was over Riverside's score was away above that of Elmwood.

Elmwood's captain soon had them cheered up and when the whistle sounded for the second half the Elmwood team went to work with much more vigor than they had hitherto shown.

The first part of the second half was a great deal like the first half, but urged on by their quarter-back who seemed to have no mercy for his men, they worked and plugged and before long they were flying down the field with Riverside in hot pursuit, by means of passing Elmwood scored their first goal.

Within the next fifteen minutes Elmwood had scored, by hard work, one count less than Riverside and now the friends of the Elmwood team began to wake up and such cheering as they had could be heard a long distance away.

Again the teams were upon each other and one could not tell them apart, when another Elmwood man dashed out and made another goal.

The score was now tie and not satisfied, Elmwood's quarter-back urged his men to their utmost.

Riverside now had the ball and rushed toward home.

The crowd watched in breathless suspense for this most likely would prove which team victorious.

Suddenly an Elmwood man shot out of the mass of men and with half the Riverside men after him, made for goal.

The Elmwood supporters became frantic, but only for a moment for the Riverside men were upon him, then by a swift pass, center-field of Elmwood got the ball and touched goal just as referee blew the whistle.

Amid wild cheers from the Elmwood supporters the team left the field, coming out victorious over a hard-fought game.

J. C. HOUTEN, '13.

Jokes

History Notes

Constantine was the inventor of Christianity.

Socrates was very outward when he was speaking.

Alexander defeated the Persians, Phoenicians, and the Southern part of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers.

The government of Sparta was ruled by certain men and a larger body of men; the social conditions were always "Get to order."

Erasmus wrote an addition to the New Testament.

Their (the Hebrew's) chief god's name was Abraham.

The motto of Socrates was "No Thyself."

The capital of the North at the beginning of the war was Chicago.

An Echo from Grammar School

The Monroe doctrine was the care they had from Mr. Monroe, whenever they had a disease or hurt themselves they would go to Dr. Monroe and he cured those that he could and when he couldn't cure anyone he let them go. This doctrine was issued during the Civil War especially for the soldiers.

Mr. C.—Say Dorothy you corrected this wrong!

In Senior History Class

Mr. M.—The northern boundary of America, as determined by the Ordinance of 1763 was as follows: Along the forty-ninth parallel, across the Highlands to the St. Lawrence river, and then flew to the _____ (General laughter).

Mr. M.—What's the matter?

Teacher (speaking of the flag carried by a western conqueror)—A flag of blue with a white grizzly bear in the centre. (Puzzled looks from the science pupils).

Chemistry Quibs—What is the difference between a nickeloid and a nickelodium?

History teacher describing Jackson—Jackson was not a leader; he only went along a little ahead of the people in the same direction.

Mr. C.—“The blank pages I won’t read.”

A Few Re-“Echos”

“In the good old days” there used to be a school paper called the “Echo.” Here are a few re-“Echos” from the issue of February, 1899, under the heading “Personals”:

R—D—s: “You’d scarce expect one of my age to speak on the stage.” (One of the signers of the famous “Dog Ordinance of 1910”).

From the issue of December, 1898: Beware of the consequences of whispering in morning assembly, and also of the “consequences” in a proportion. (It was ever thus).

From the issue of October, 1899: Occasionally we are entertained by a solo from Prof. Smith which is duly applauded and appreciated. (“Who is Sylvia!”).

From the issue of May, 1901: ’04 English pupil reading from the Odyssy—“Within the ‘wine dark’ room the ‘rosy-fingered’ teacher teaches the ‘heavenly-descended pupils.’” (Please note the “lovely, tender, in perfect accord feeling” existing between teacher and pupils).

From the issue of June, 1901: Some parting advice, ’01 to ’02—Don’t tell Miss Draper which problem you can’t do. You will do it immediately. (Axiom).

Same issue—Senior Grinds:

P. M——n: His hair is of a gold color,

An excellent color.

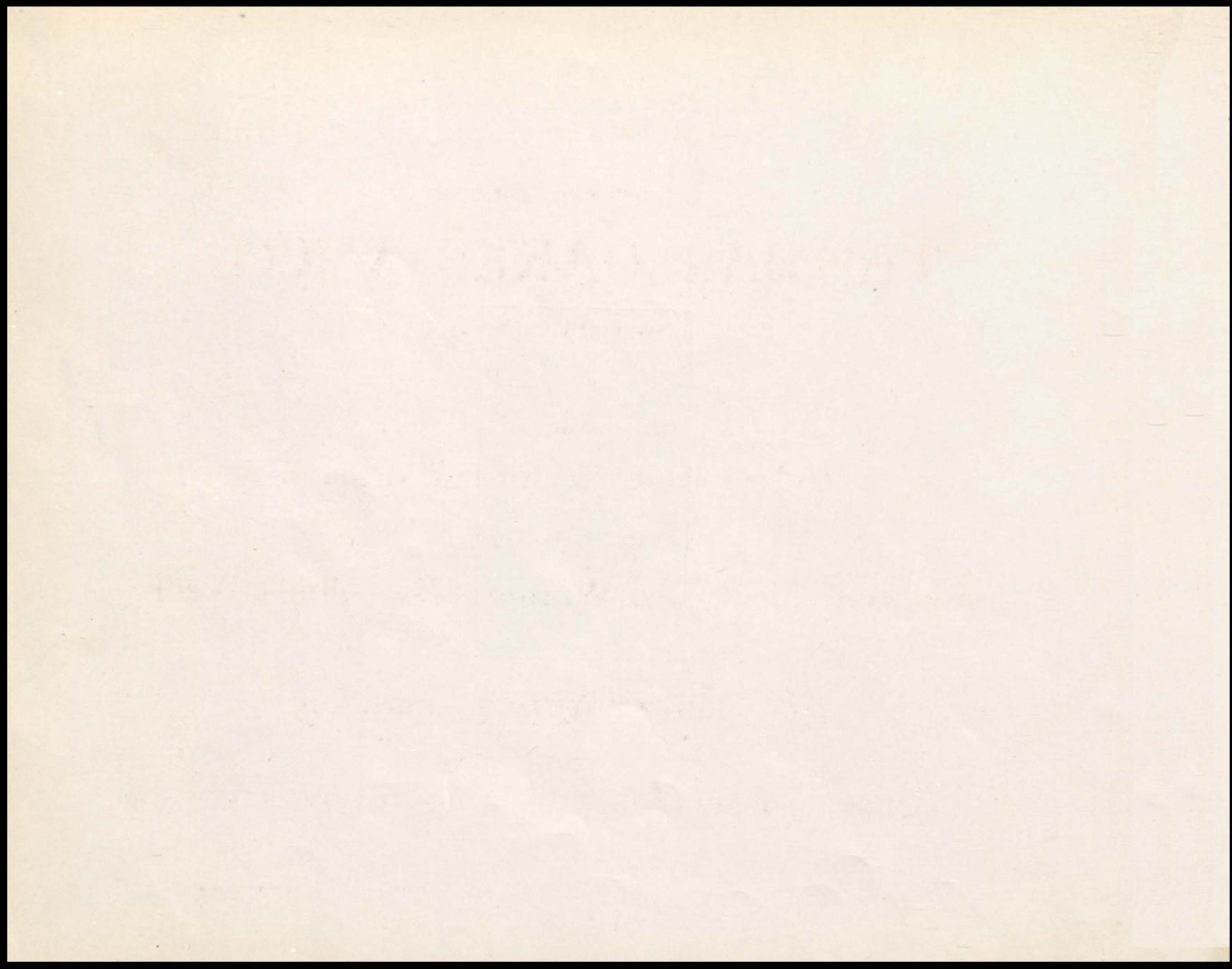
His voice no “tutch” of harmony permits,

Irregularly deep and shrill by fits.

(Is it a wonder that he chose “the honorable profession of the law?”)



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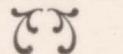
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